

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

JOHN N. FORMAN, INDIA,
E. W. HARRIS, N. J.,

ANGIER B. HOBBS, D. C.,
FREDERIC D. MCKENNEY, D. C.

MANAGING EDITOR: GEORGE M. HARPER, PA.

TREASURER:

WILLIAM CHESTER, D. C.

VOL. XXXIX.

MARCH, 1884.

No. 9

Norse Tales and Their Author.

THAT there is such a thing as nationality in literature, a quality more characteristic than a foreign tongue, more marked than the dress or manners of the people, more peculiar than the laws or customs of the state, is pre-eminently exemplified to the reader of Björnsterne Björnson. In the middle of this century, there came out of the wilderness of the North a voice that was destined to arouse a nation intellectually dormant, and to herald the dawn of a new era of literature. This was Björnson. Norway was in a condition to receive an interpreter of Norwegian life, and to him offered material surpassingly rich and promising. As a dramatist, poet and novelist, Björnson is the most prominent and representative of Norse writers. Our aim, at present, is to discuss his novels only.

The first impression which the reader receives is of the national genius of the writer; he is an embodiment of the spirit of the nation; when he speaks, the nation speaks. He has recognized the fact that the peasantry are the true representatives of the nation, and that no real picture of national life can be presented unless they are made to figure

in it. Uneducated and rough as these peasants may appear externally, he reveals in their nature a deep undertone of tenderness, child-like in its simplicity and unswerving in its steadfastness. Björnson knew the people, their joys, their struggles, the incidents of their daily life, and he has portrayed them as he knew them. All his characters are taken from peasant-life, which has received delicate and true delineation in his hands. Perhaps the most notable characteristic of this class of people is their unaffected pathos and artless nature. Love is not that outward display of meaningless emotion circumscribed by customs fatal to its purity and simplicity, but with them love "must live openly, because it lives in joy. It is as when the leaves are changing; that which is to grow cannot conceal itself, and in every instance you see all that which is dry falls from the tree the moment the new leaves begin to sprout." Such love, sweet in its tenderness and fresh as a spring morning, existed between Thorbjörn and Synnöve. No less beautiful and touching is the motherly love of Margit for her son Arne when she confesses to the priest, "I felt in my heart that I could never live without him."

Björnson's democratic style of writing appealed directly to the people. Attempts made by others had failed to inspire this united feeling between the classes of society, because they were couched in a lofty, condescending manner. He did not speak for the peasantry, but he made peasants themselves interpret their own feelings and sentiments. This method charms other readers than Norwegians; it brings us into contact with a class of people differing in life and training from ourselves, whose quaintness and rude simplicity at once interest and delight us. Even in these translations, wanting the full spirit of the original, there can be distinguished a strength of language, moulded into every shade of meaning, marked by a poetic style and the laconic expression which characterize the sturdiness and directness of the people.

Norwegian scenery has had an influence on the people. They have received much of their earnestness and grand simplicity from the sombre, majestic mountains, the forests, and the awful solitude of snowy wastes. A Norwegian says, "The Norse folk have been looking on these same silver-crested mountains, from which the summer sun never departs, upon this same ocean, islands, lakes, fjords and flower-clad valleys, and have listened to the same melodious brooks, babbling streams, thundering rivers, roaring waterfalls and sighing groves, for generations." This wonderful scenery has made deep impressions on Björnson himself; it has touched his poetic soul and found utterance in song which has aroused the national conscience in every fellow-countryman's bosom.

Many beautiful pictures have been painted by skillfully interweaving scenes and characters. Cascades, lakes and mountains are portrayed in lights and shadows which ever vary in beauty, whether under the cold, white hand of winter, or in the bustling, growing activity of a northern spring and summer. You can faintly hear the sweet voices of the boatmen rowing the wedding party over the bay, the shouting of herd-boys and the barking of dogs echoing over the saeters, the tinkling of cattle bells on the mountain ridges, or, on a dewy Sunday morning, you listen to the church bells raising their soft melody up the mountain side, "ringing through them something bright, cheerful, alluring, from down below." Björnson is the first pastoral tale-teller of this generation. He weaves all the beauties of nature into garlands with which to adorn the simple loveliness of personal character, so linking man with his environments that one becomes the setting for the other and both are blended into one delightful word-picture.

His stories run on so naturally and are created so skillfully that the idea of a plot never occurs to a reader, because it does not depend on the arrangement of circumstances, emergencies and daring exploits, nor does it consist of

struggles of inward passion, of ruined hopes and blasted lives. Björnson's plot is the simple recital of human nature—its joys, sorrows and loves. He takes life just as it is, with its romantic and unromantic scenes, in its shallow and its deep currents of emotion and feeling; it is an every-day life, stripped of all unnaturalness and fictitiousness, almost severe in its realism and vividness. With him the stream of life has its brooks of tenderness, its still waters of serenity, its cascades of passion and its whirlpools of ruin.

In the delineation of character, he excels. It is not overdrawn to produce effect, nor depicted with exhaustive psychological analysis, but he realizes that every individual has his characteristics as distinctly marked as each beech in the forest, and these are allowed to unfold themselves to the reader. His peasants are simple because they are natural, not because they are without susceptibility to feeling and sentiment. No human being ever encountered more soul-stirring conflicts than Eli or Margit. There is, moreover, a marked distinctness in the qualities of the characters. The traits that characterize Arne, Ayvind, Thorbjörn and Synnöve are distinct and varied in every feature. It is wonderful how each character fits its own niche. So clearly are drawn the lines of nationality that no foreign personages could play these parts, no foreign traits or manners just correspond to these, and yet you understand every shade of thought and sentiment. This is the very mark and expression of a nationality in literature.

Björnson's novels are novels of purpose. His aim throughout has been to secure the independence of Norway, to emancipate and develop the intellectual powers of the people. The novel of purpose seeks a higher end than the trashy novel of love or circumstance; it combines pleasure and usefulness, employing the assistance of imagination, plot and delineation to present some ennobling motive or reformatory action. Such a novel must carry with it weight and conviction; it must combine to attract and influence simul-

taneously and effectively. Björnson understood this and directed his weapons straight to the mark—the peasantry. He did not attempt to awaken civil anarchy, but intellectual anarchy; not to array one class of society against the other, but to inspire their hearts with aspirations for liberty, equal rights and universal happiness. He labored in every speech and song and book to awaken a deep love among the people, to destroy the inherited evils existing in the political and social systems of Norway, and to equalize the advantages of birth, wealth or culture by uniting all under the "broad, battle-scarred shield of national feeling."

It signifies more than a mere coincidence that Björnson's "Synnöve Solbakkén," Turgueneff's "Fathers and Sons," and Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," three great reform novels, each written with an eye single to the people's condition, should have appeared at about the same time in Norway, Russia and America, respectively. Thus, while laboring for the welfare of his fellow-countrymen, Björnson has given to the world, in these unpretending, idyllic tales, an interpretation of the life of a "people whose deepest emotions and thoughts he has unfolded, and whose secluded life he has lifted into a bright, far-seen niche in the great literature of the future."

"Poor Richard."

OF THE three representatives of American literature previous to the Revolution, namely, Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, and Benjamin Franklin, the latter has become most widely known and appreciated. The name of Franklin is familiar to every American from earliest childhood. History associates him with Washington and Jefferson, lauds his patriotic zeal, and rates his diplomatic powers

as of the first order, while biographers tell of his bold public spirit, and of a passion for literature and science strikingly shown on the background of rude and uncultured Colonial tastes. Looking at his works from the standpoint of historical interest, it is interesting to note the attitude of European critics toward one so distinctively American. Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks of him as "a man who has the very incarnation of sanity and clear sense; a man, the most considerable, it seems to me, that America has yet produced." Such an estimate quickens our study of the man, and adds stimulus to the investigation of his works.

Franklin wrote no extended treatise. The products of his pen take the form of letters, newspaper articles, political tracts, and philosophical papers; yet of so remarkable and varied a character as to immortalize their author. Whatever fame Franklin attained was the outgrowth of innate genius. His surroundings were unfavorable to literary development. When, in 1728, he set up business in Philadelphia, as printer and editor of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, there were but four or five people in America beside himself who had any true passion for books. Like the poets of whom Wordsworth speaks, he had "to create the taste, by gratifying which he was to thrive." That spirit of industry and frugality which crops out everywhere in his writings, finds a good example in his own success. Studying the needs of the people, he sought to supply them, and that in a most attractive manner. Though not in youth a Greek scholar, the *Memorabilia* of Socrates and the *Dialogues* of Plato became familiar to him, greatly enriching his subsequent writings. *Dialogues* after the Socratic method were his special delight. In counseling his fellow citizens to restrain their aspirations for power, he cites a conversation between Socrates and Glaucon, "a private man of mean abilities, but ambitious of being senator and of governing the republic." "Take heed, my dear Glaucon, take heed, lest too great a desire for power should render you despired.

Consider how dangerous it is to speak and entertain ourselves concerning things we do not understand. If, therefore, you would be honored, endeavor to be a man of true merit, and if you enter upon the government of the republic with a mind more sagacious than usual, I should not wonder if you succeed in your designs."

But whence his turn for style in writing? One biographer says that Franklin was "the product of Bunyan and Defoe," a few volumes of whom formed the extent of his reading in early boyhood. It is not hard to find traces of their quaint and humorous expressions in his earlier works, but he adds a certain individuality which is unmistakable. Whatever might have been Franklin's character, he was always ready to lay down rules for others. How many exhortations to honesty and thrift did he give broadcast to the people in his famous Almanac, "Poor Richard." He tells how once "Poor Richard" stopped where some people had gathered for an auction sale. The hour of sale not being come, one of the company called to a "plain, clean old man, with white locks:" "Pray, Father Abraham, what do you think of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? What would you advise us to do?" He tells them, "The taxes are indeed heavy, but those of the government are not the heaviest. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by pride, and four times as much by our folly. But, God helps them who help themselves. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy. He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him." Thus he succeeded in interesting the masses, and in selling an edition of ten thousand almanacs per annum for twenty-five years; an enormous circulation for that period. In these quaint proverbs "sanity and clear sense" speak for themselves.

Franklin's brain was ever fertile in new devices. Now he compares the state of the Colonies to the condition of Laish.

"And they smote the city with the edge of the sword, and burnt the city with fire, and there was none to deliver because it was far from Zidon; not so far from Zidon, however, as Pennsylvania from Great Britain, and yet we are, if possible, more careless than the people of Laish." Writing the "Narratives of Massacres," he quotes from the *Odyssey* on the sacred rites of hospitality. On Indian wrongs, he catches up the phrases of Roman orators. "O, Pennsylvania! once renowned for kindness to strangers, shall so senseless a clamor, I say, force you to turn out of your own doors those unhappy guests?" Franklin was probably the first American who resorted to emblematical representations as a political influence. The one that met with greatest favor was his shrewd device of the "mutilated snake." It was pictured as severed into thirteen pieces, each piece representing one of the Colonies, with the inscription "Join or Die." Newspapers copied the cut, and "Join or Die," was sounded from lip to lip, till the union of the States rendered it no longer necessary.

But one scheme of Franklin's compelled even Mr. Arnold to lose sight of "sanity and clear sense," and to indulge in a bit of quiet humor over the weaknesses of men. Franklin, taking into consideration the old style of the Bible, proposed that a new version be procured which, preserving the sense, should embody modern expression and turns of phrase. He ventures a sample from the first chapter of Job, where Satan says, "Doth Job fear God for naught?" "And Satan answered, 'Does your majesty imagine that his good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?'"

Letters from Hume, Priestly and Herschel in acknowledgment of scientific suggestions, show their high appreciation of his writings in that department. He certainly possessed the four grand requisites for successful observation of nature,—a sound and great understanding, patience, dexterity and independent income. A characteristic remark would show us, also, that the study of human nature did not escape

his attention. "There are some eyes which can find nothing marvellous, but what is marvellously great." So there are others which are equally disposed to marvel at what is marvellously little, and can derive as much entertainment from their microscopes in examining a mite, as Dr. Parallax in ascertaining the geography of the moon, or measuring the tail of a comet." The key to Franklin's activity and patriotism may well be inferred from a sentiment found in one of his latest letters, "I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of reputation."

As Mr. Lowell remarks of a later representative American, he carried America with him where he went. Franklin, like Lincoln, was not indebted to any college for education. Both were emphatically self-made men, both were endowed with the broadest magnanimity, both were disinterested patriots, both lived when they were most needed. But it is safe to say that no American has ever turned to so many branches of theoretical and practical knowledge as Franklin. As tradesman, merchant, editor, diplomat, philosopher, and *littérateur*, he stands a fitting prophet of subsequent American thrift and versatility.

Night and Morning in Genoa.

"VENICE the Bride of the Sea," "Venice the mistress of the Adriatic," bears away the palm among the great sea-coast cities, as she sits there on her throne in her beauty, her silence, her dignity, slowly dying. Yet for me her comparatively unnoticed contemporary, Genoa, possessed a great charm. Her grand white marble palaces, bright under the sun, their gardens stretching down to the glorious blue sea; her churches with their treasures of art; the subtle aroma

of by-gone times that pervaded the place, are all infused with life. The old mansions are still inhabited, the churches have their throngs of eager worshipers, the quays are busy with commerce and the harbor is full of ships. One rejoices to feel that a new life is springing out of the grave of the old.

I arrived in Genoa after a long journey from Turin, late in the afternoon, and in the evening walked out from my hotel, situated on the grand palazza, to take a look at the town. A cooling breeze came off the sea; the moon was full. It shone on the quaint hatchments over the gateways of ancient palaces, on grand cathedral doors, on the beggars, too, sleeping on the steps. Now and then, as I walked through the balmy, delicious night, I passed a signora, her beautiful olive face and coal-black hair shrouded with a black lace mantilla, such as all Genoese women wear, and they only. There in an angle of the wall is a shrine, the White Christ or the Virgin high in a niche, a little lamp burning dimly in front, and, mayhap, on the ground below a dark figure bent in prayer.

Returning to the hotel, I sat for a while at the window of my room, smoking and looking out over the palazza. All Genoa was in the streets, young men and their sweethearts, husbands and wives, walking abroad and enjoying the night's coolness, its restful repose, after the heated languor of the day. Suddenly a crowd collected, the square became half filled with a black mass, struggling and peering around some object which lay in the midst. I watched them for a time and then went out to see what was the matter. There they were, the great, good-natured, silly, childish crowd, chattering, gesticulating, pushing and straining around—a horse with a broken leg. That was all. Yet you would have thought the fate of Italy hung on his disposal. Every one had some advice to offer, but no one seemed to know exactly what to do. Occasionally some one would dart out from the crowd and pull the horse's leg around or stroke

his head, while the others looked on with intense interest. At last, a policeman appeared on the scene, dressed in a uniform consisting of a black beaver-hat, black frock-coat and trousers. He swung his long brass-headed cane with great dignity and ordered the horse to be dragged away with ropes. Whereupon a short, fat Italian representative of the genus Bergh stepped out in opposition. He stamped on the ground, he shrieked, he gestured, he shook his fist in the policeman's face, and to the satisfaction of all present he won the day. I never knew how they did dispose of that horse. He and the crowd still had the field when I went to bed.

I was awakened about five o'clock the next morning by a loud buzzing sound in my ears, which, as I listened, I perceived was the hum of human voices. Rising, I threw open the shutter and looked out. Instead of the darkness and stillness of the night before, a blaze of color and a stirring life filled the square. It was market-day, when the people come from the fertile plains into the city to sell their wares. The peasants, dressed in velveteen knee-breeches, jackets, broad, flat hats, and white stockings wound round with ribbons, had unfastened the donkeys from the market-carts, had set up the little booths, and were now leisurely sauntering about, smoking their pipes and leaving their wives to carry on the business. These latter, in bright-colored petticoats, black velvet bodies, and many-colored kerchiefs on their heads, clattered about on their wooden sabots, chattering, bargaining and quarreling with the good Genoese housewives, who walked up and down the rows between the booths and who, it must be confessed, gave them as good as they sent. All kinds of vegetables, fruits and flowers they sold. Branches covered with unpicked golden lemons, red cherries or apples hiding away amid the green leaves still wet with dew, went for a song. Cheap jewelry, rosaries and crosses, little images that the men carved by their winter firesides, all found a place.

And down on that busy life below looked the grand old palaces; it could not be in disdain, but rather with a fellow-feeling of sympathy. For market-day in Genoa was a tradition when they were built, and never a week has passed in the many long years but the same busy, merry scene was enacted.

Oliver Ellsworth.

OLIVER ELLSWORTH was graduated at Princeton in 1766, at the age of twenty-one years. The first two years of his college course were spent at Yale. The positions he occupied in the Connecticut Judiciary and the Continental Congress, important and honorable though they were, may be regarded simply as preparatory to his subsequent public career.

The history of those labors and preferments upon which his fame must rest for endurance opens with the Convention of 1787. The duties he then performed were as necessary as they were peculiar. His genius was practical and almost entirely imaginative. A mind so constituted naturally became the balance-wheel of the Convention. The doctrine of State-sovereignty and the belief that the form of government then in operation in his native State, with unimportant modification, would be best adapted to the needs of the Union, were firmly rooted in his mind. Actuated by these principles he vigorously supported Paterson in his splendid fight for the maintenance of the rights of the smaller States, and subjected every motion brought before the Convention to a minute and analytical scrutiny. No measure of importance was proposed by him, but every suggestion which did not appear to his mind capable of practical execution or consistent with his ideal of a republican government met his sturdy opposition. Though not an orator he was a con-

vincing debater, and his vigorous common sense aided him in the suppression of constitutional evils to which the country might otherwise have been subjected.

The framing of the Constitution, as great an achievement as it was, diminishes in importance when compared with the difficulties of setting it in successful operation. The members of the United States Senate, elected while the government was an experiment, have been, as such, comparatively unnoticed by posterity, yet to their labors the country owes as much as to the members of the Convention. Of these, Senator Ellsworth was one. The secrecy with which business was at that time transacted in the Senate prevents a complete knowledge of his official action, but there are known to have been two important occasions in which he was prominent. He was a member of the committee which framed a bill, materially in accord with Hamilton's plan, for the incorporation of a Bank of the United States. He was also placed at the head of a committee authorized "to bring in a bill for organizing the Judiciary of the United States."

The establishment of the Courts was one of the most pressing necessities of the time. Without the speedy and regular administration of justice, the Government must surely have fallen. The judicial provisions of the Constitution were of the most general nature, the responsibility of arranging the details being left to Congress. The committee, of which Ellsworth and Paterson were the leading members, reported a bill establishing Federal Courts, substantially on the same basis as those at present existing. Nothing need be said in praise of a judicial system which is admitted to constitute one of the most august and efficient tribunals which has ever protected the rights of men.

The most comprehensive foresight, coupled with the most eminent legal ability, cannot, at the establishment of a Court, define by legislation its jurisdiction in every detail. Conscious of this impossibility, the Senate attempted to express the powers of the United States Supreme Court only in the

most general terms, delegating to the Court itself, as constituted by them, the responsibility of determining their jurisdiction. Under such circumstances, the appointment of Ellsworth as Chief Justice of the United States, in 1796, gave almost universal satisfaction. Popular and official expectations regarding him were not disappointed. Jurisdictional questions, especially in connection with Admiralty and Prize law, though by no means confined within these limits, were continually brought before the Court, and were decided in his opinions with a brevity and accuracy which resulted from his judicial experience on the Connecticut bench, and as member of the Congressional Committee of Appeals.

The most difficult and delicate public duties which Ellsworth was called upon to perform were undertaken by him as leader of the "second French mission." The unsuccessful issue of the "first French mission," and the dishonorable treatment of its members by France, rendered a renewal of negotiations as embarrassing as unpopular. The American envoys had been instructed to demand indemnities for illegal captures made by French privateers. That government insisted on the renewal of the violated treaties of 1778, and the restoration of the privileges granted by the Convention of 1788, refusing, reasonably enough, to pay indemnities for acts resulting from infractions of treaties until those treaties should be renewed. The treaty with England, negotiated by Jay, debarred the United States from such action, and diplomatic procedure was obstructed. Under similar circumstances, many would have thrown up their commissions and returned home; but Ellsworth and his associates thought otherwise. Actuated by a high and steady patriotism, they persisted in their mission until success was achieved in the conclusion of a commercial treaty stipulating that the points which could not then be settled should be left for a "future definite adjustment;" that the debts of France to the United States should be discharged with no regard to past difficul-

ties; that commerce between the two nations should be reciprocally free, and that a neutral flag should protect the property of belligerents, excepting goods contraband of war. Considering the difficulties under which the Commission labored, such a result must be regarded as reflecting great honor upon the envoys; yet many of the most prominent statesmen of that time expressed grave dissatisfaction. Ellsworth's friends explained his prominence in such a measure on the hypothesis that his intellect had been weakened by disease! The best vindication of his action is found in the results of the treaty. Claims amounting to twenty millions of *francs* were paid by France, and American merchantmen obtained a large share of the carrying trade of the world, thus laying the foundation for a career of commercial prosperity.

Oliver Ellsworth died November 26th, 1807. One of Princeton's greatest statesmen, his career speaks for itself. His moral character was a happy combination of Puritan austerity and enlightened religious sentiments. His life, during those troublous times, was

"Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven."

Whig or Tory I Don't Know.

PART II.

STEPHEN was giving orders for the disposition of the prisoner when the latter, opening his mouth for the first time, requested, as a favor, to be allowed to see the English Rector.

"You may, without a doubt," answered Stephen; "we can stop at his house on our way to the fort. There is some one there I wish to see myself."

Up the hill they went, accompanied by the soldiers, when, just as they entered the gate of the cottage, out flew Doro-

thy from the house, and, never noticing Stephen, fell on the officer's neck.

"O! George, I am so glad to see you! But how came you here? I thought you were in New York."

"I am glad to see you, Dorothy; but I wish it was in some other case. I am a prisoner, and this will be the last sight we shall get of each other for years."

"A prisoner! and who made you one?" Turning on Stephen quick as a flash, "Have you dared, after all your promises of love, to imprison my brother?"

"Your brother!" groaned Stephen. "I suppose it's all over with me."

And so it proved. Dorothy, filled with joy at seeing her brother, and with anguish at the long years of imprisonment he had before him, confessed her engagement, denounced Stephen as his betrayer, refused to listen to her lover's protestations, and bursting at last into a torrent of tears, bid him farewell for ever.

A few months later Captain Sayre had the good fortune to be exchanged; Dorothy went away to her relatives in Massachusetts for a time, and Stephen was left alone at the fort, hoping against hope that Dorothy would relent.

More than a year has passed. It is a warm, beautiful afternoon in midsummer, the wheat is ripe, the hay is mown, but the men of Fairfield are not harvesting to-day. They are taking their wives and children to the forest, they are driving away their cattle, they are getting out the old flintlocks and blunderbusses, which their fathers used in the Indian wars, to make a stand for house and home. And the British, eighteen hundred strong, have just landed and are marching up the Beach lane.

Some turn aside to attack the fort where Stephen Eliot, with twenty-three men, makes a gallant defense; the rest keep straight on till they reach the beautiful elm-shaded green of the village. There they halt and drive back upon the hills the militia, who retreat slowly, making a dogged

resistance from behind each stone-wall and tree that gives them shelter. The officers take possession of the comfortable houses of the inhabitants, the soldiers pitch their tents under the tall green trees. Enraged at the numerous expeditions which had been sent across the Sound from the Connecticut shore, the English general had sent out an expedition from New York to harry and burn every town on the coast, and Fairfield was the third to suffer.

Supper over, the accomplishment of the fiendish work was entrusted to the Hessian Yaegers; the Fusileers and the King's American regiment remaining in their tents. And then ensued such scenes of debauchery and cruelty as have seldom been witnessed in warfare. Every house for miles around was fired; they spared neither friend nor foe. The drunken soldiers went from one house to the other with their torches, dancing and yelling like savages. They plundered or destroyed everything the owners possessed; they robbed and outraged even the women, tearing from them, with oaths and brutal jests, their watches, jewelry, the very shoebuckles on their feet. Meantime, a terrific thunderstorm had arisen. All night long the guns of the fort roared a sullen echo to the roll of the thunder. Fire-gleams from burning houses shot up into the black sky. The lightning cracked fiercely. Now and then a falling frame would send up a shower of sparks, and the cinders of those sparks were wet with the tears of homeless women.

Towards morning the attack on the fort ceased; its little garrison proved too strong for the besieging party, and they retired to wait till daylight. Feeling safe on the score of attack, Stephen Eliot decided to go out alone to the village and ascertain, if possible, the plans of the enemy. He put on the uniform of one of the slain English, and went cautiously over the dark fields in the direction of the encampment, where the sounds of tumult and the glare of the conflagration had almost died away.

Turning into the main street, at the end of which he could dimly see the embers of the British watch-fires and the white gleam of their tents, he passed a house that had apparently escaped the fury of the soldiers. It was brightly lit up, and there sounded loud, rough voices within. Suddenly he heard a woman's shriek, a cry that chilled his heart; for well he knew the sound. He rushed into the house, flung open a door, and beheld Dorothy Sayre struggling in the arms of a German Yaeger. A dozen Hessians were in the room; some fast in drunken sleep, others urging their companion on with laughter and jeers; but Stephen never stopped for that. In one moment he had cut the soldier down and rescued the fainting girl. In another he was lying senseless and bleeding beside them. Shouting with rage, the Hessians were proceeding to finish their revenge, when a British officer, who had been attracted by the noise, entered the house, and in a voice of thunder ordered them to desist and withdraw. As they obeyed, muttering and grumbling, he turned his eyes upon the floor and recognized, with a start of horror and surprise, the common soldier and the woman, who lay sobbing and wailing over his body.

It was George Sayre. Attached to the King's American regiment, he had witnessed with shame and sorrow the dastardly acts of the expedition, and had spent this night in trying to check and lessen the brutality which had been let loose on the unfortunate country people. He had no idea that Dorothy had returned from Massachusetts, but fancied her safe, far inland. She had, in fact, arrived the week before, and when the fleet hove in sight, volunteered to remain while her uncle took his wife and children to the hills.

"I shall be safe," said she; "English officers will never allow harm to come to the household of the Rector of the Church of England."

And thus had her trust been justified.

George bent over her. "Don't you know me, Dorothy?" he said gently.

She looked up in his face with a shiver, and then a cry. "They have killed him, and he died for me! He loved me, and I cast him off. I did not know how much I loved him until now! Ah! he breathes! He is alive! Oh, save him, George, save him! It cannot be that our own English want this work continued!"

"Yes, Dorothy," said the young man sadly, "they do. But we will save him, and he shall live for you to give him his reward." Then, giving voice to the purpose that had been forming in his mind for months, "the British will retire early to-morrow. I shall not go with them. I shall never serve in the King's army again after to-night. But Stephen and I will fight side by side for the cause of right and liberty."

A Plea for Modern Languages.

THE term classic may never lose its exalted meaning. But it means more than venerable. French and German works have claimed the term with as much of right as those of any other tongue. If we ask where to find the temple of classic lore, we are told again, in the words of John Randolph, "The classics, sir, are at your door." We must not neglect the past. But the past of Greece and Rome has claimed undivided attention. What are we doing with the past three hundred years? The key-note of the popular demand on this subject was struck by Mr. Froude, when he said, in his address at a Scotch university, that French, or German, or Anglo-Saxon, or Norman French, or Chinese, or Russian, should be studied in preference to Latin and Greek, according to the learner's need.

Mental training has been the fiercest battle-ground of this controversy. Our enemies think they have won the field in the strength of their watchword: "Greek and Latin are dead, and Greek and Latin are perfected." We offer in return the one strong advantage, the Modern languages are living languages. When they argue utility for mental training, in the state of being cold and dead and formal, we shrink from the excellence of a tread-mill, and gladly claim for the modern languages some vital power. "The classics are removed from the passions of modern life;" therefore they turn out isolated minds, with dead sympathies, and unpractical. By all means, let us have a language that will arouse some interest in its pursuit and hold before us the hopes and fears, the dangers and demands, of our present life. We should aim not to turn out finely-chiseled minds, but living, growing intellects. Change, progress, is an argument for and not against the usefulness of an education. Vivisection, in the study of language, is more striking, more helpful, than mere post-mortem dissection.

Look upon language, if you will, as the lawful weapon of the schoolmaster. We hear that the ancient languages are more perfect in their armory; in their light artillery of inflection and their heavy guns of syntax. Have you ever tried hard German? Try to read Herodotus, and then unfold the mighty rhetoric of Schiller's histories. Try to read a Greek philosopher, and then study hard and long over the depths of Kant and Schelling, and render an honest decision. There is more mental drill in an editorial in a German daily than in ten pages of Homer.

There is more in the study of language than empty drill. There is clearness and brilliancy to be learned in French; beauty in the Italian; strength, lofty aim and deep purpose in the Northern forms of speech. Can we not find character in the Greek and Roman? Yes; but living examples never fail to leave the most impression. Teach us what our brother Frenchman, brother German, are, through their language,

and our minds shall be more perfectly fitted to grapple with the modern world.

More convincing than any other proof, is the test of practical results. I need not remind you, in a general way, of the growing neglect of the classics in the process of education. Of the last Senior class in Harvard, eighteen elected ancient languages, while there were over one hundred in other departments. Take just a few authoritative statements. Such a distinguished classical scholar as Dr. Wm. Smith, fourteen years examiner in the University of London, says: "Very rarely do I meet with one who can read Latin on opening the book." President Barnard, of Columbia, says: "Of those graduates who can read strange Latin at sight, I know not one." And Canon Farrar, one of England's finest classical scholars, says of the teaching of the classics, "that the practice is deplorable and the theory absurd." On the other hand, we have just received a little bundle of statistics from Europe. When Germany tells us of deplorable results in the Real Schulen, under modern language culture, remember what modern languages mean to German students. Their course does not include that best linguistic discipline ever given, the study of their own mother tongue. Again, the worth of classical culture has been so instilled into conservative German minds that I venture to say that scarcely has one student of learned lineage or inherited talents ever entered the Real Schulen. Again, we have more right than the defenders of classical instruction to put forth the plea of imperfect teaching. Classical scholars have been turning out educational literature since the days of Roger Ascham. Give the modern languages time to gain a foothold, time to raise up the best of instructors, time to rise above the contempt of the classic guild. These are our three answers to the Berlin statistics.

What is this realm of French and German literature? Is it narrow, barren, uninviting? Whoever cannot find his model in Goethe will never begin to be original. If the ancient world produced anything immortal, it was because

they had not to bow to an unending line of masters. The last four centuries have given light enough to show us the way, have had spirit enough to teach us progress. The works of the ancient poets are no more worthy of study than the works of that master of graceful style and wondrous thought, Germany's Fredrick Schiller. No race of men ever excelled the French in the history and science of government. The sturdy German has braved and conquered every barrier till the colossal literature of Germany now leads the world. In belles-lettres, art or science, nothing has been fathered by the Greek or Latin which can practically more than equal the children of modern growth.

The next argument is one which classicists have sometimes sneered at because they can advance none like it. We make bold to publish the utility of modern languages. Express this utility in thousands of dollars and you merely say that you have a very sure and a very clear idea of its proportions. This utility has more than a pecuniary meaning. It means the extent you give to success. The lack of it marks the limit you put to endeavor. We have no patience with those conservative theorizers who are afraid they'll weaken their system if they turn it to profitable account. Such cloister culture would never have satisfied Socrates, would never have given power to Cicero.

But at the outset we hear that a knowledge of the ancient languages is the best preparation for the knowledge of our own and other modern languages. Is this statement as forcible as it is partly true? There are five hundred Greek and Latin roots in the English language. Not a sufficient number to require from four to ten years' elementary instruction in the parent languages.

If Latin is a valuable preparation for their study, enough for that purpose is known by the student on entering college. I claim that it is impossible to include in an average college course a full study of four or five languages without curtailing the study of mathematics and the physical

sciences. This will never be done, and between the classics and modern languages we choose the most profitable.

But the sources of our jurisprudence are in Latin. The New Testament is found at its original source in the Greek. If you give Latin to the law and Greek to theology, you are unjust in denying to the medical profession a full course in those modern languages which contain the history of its power and growth, and are continually ringing forth the latest developments in the line of all professions. The utility of the classics is a mere speck in the distance compared with the ever-present and ever-extending range of employment for the tongues of modern Europe. The French stand to-day in the front rank of the arts and sciences, and the Germans rule in philosophy. Theories are advanced, phenomena are accounted for by French savants and German scholars, with which the progressive student cannot fail and cannot wait to be acquainted. The growth of professional studies demands earlier application and will no more permit all to re-traverse the centuries before the Christian era. The student of law even halts on his pilgrimage to Blackstone. The ranks of our professions are filled with non-college bred men. Not that they despise liberal education. They strive to get it by self-culture. But they are taught by every hard experience to despise useless labor. The names of Greek and Latin authors are so many spectres to drive them from college doors. When we ask, "Where is the language study that will most rapidly advance our modern civilization, will render our work in the world most widely useful?" the answer is, "The languages of foreign nations, soon to be no more foreign, but kindred in neighborhood and thought." And why? Because their machinery of instruction is as effective as the classics. Because their light of learning has not burned out, and now shines bright and clear as ever shone from Attica or Latium. Because they offer us a powerful engine to speed the commerce of thought and advance us to meet the steady progress of an older world.

The Professor's Story.

THE last glow from the dying embers of a few burnt-out logs was all that remained to mark the trace of a large camp-fire, which, a few moments since, had roared and leaped and glared, lighting up the thick darkness of the surrounding forest and revealing the tall, graceful trunks of the firs and hemlocks, which rose higher and higher up the mountain-side, like pillars in an old cathedral, supporting a roof of deep green, through which patches of blue sky, dotted with stars and drifting clouds, appeared. Softly the white smoke rolled away from the charred wood, and from time to time a dry, bushy sprig of fir, tossed on the fire, flashed out in a richly-colored, pyrotechnical display, casting a bright glare over a party of campers of both sexes, reclining on shawls and rugs spread out on a soft bank of pine needles. These fitful flashes of light revealed a middle-aged man, half sitting and half lying on a clumsy old mountain chair, constructed of rough, rustic boughs, and upholstered with bundles of many-hued wraps and cloaks. It is the Professor of the camping party.

"Ah, yes; those ferns!" said the Professor, taking in his hand a bunch of mountain sweet-fern, "recall an incident of my life in Germany, which was the source of one of the most unfathomable mysteries and greatest frights that I have ever experienced."

"Do tell the story, Professor," urged all; for it was the custom during the long, silent evenings to gather round the camp-fire and rehearse old experiences and tales.

"Well," said the Professor, "it was in the year 18—, when I was traveling alone in the lower part of Germany, my smooth face and shy manner gave me the appearance of a mere lad, and I suffered much at the hands of overbearing hosts and guides.

"All the day long, from early morning, I had been riding in a diligence with two other travelers, who, most of the time buried in sleep, afforded me little companionship. Had it not been for the long lines of blue hills in the distance, and the occasional glimpses of a beautiful winding river, on which our road now verged, or which the next moment was lost to view, I should have slumbered with them through sheer exhaustion. As we crept along over the road the shadows began to lengthen, and evening settled over us.

"At last the diligence stopped in the midst of the wildest, most romantic mountain scenery. It was one of those still, soft evenings in early spring-time, and over the valley below us hovered a hazy, floating mist. The old structure before which we stopped appeared half castle, half mountain, as its outlines were lost in the gloom. I entered, almost expecting to encounter a gay host of armed knights in the midst of revelry and mirth, but, instead, there hobbled forth a haggard old dame, leaning heavily on a cane. In a wheezy voice she bade me approach the bright fire, which was quite welcome to my damp clothes. Taking my seat in one corner of the yawning fire-place, I began to examine the long, dimly-lighted room.

"While making these observations, I became aware of some uncommon stir among the household; there was considerable whispering and many sly, curious glances sent towards my corner. I was not greatly surprised at this, knowing that I was a foreigner, and that my youthfulness had been a matter of general comment among all the people I had met.

"My two traveling companions, sitting at a table over their beer, appeared to be enjoying some rare joke with the host, who let fall half audible words which I mistrusted referred to myself. Thus, I was sitting in the fire-light quietly watching them, when I was aroused from my absorption in their movements by the old dame, who requested me, with a deep

courtesy, to come to my tea. I was only too eager to get away from my post of observation, and especially to satisfy the appetite which the jolting over a rough road had aroused. The old lady attended me as best she could, showing me every kindness. After my meal was finished, I prepared to be shown to my room. In guiding me there, the same reverential attention was given me. I was not allowed to carry a single article of my baggage.

"The room was reached at last. The old lady pushed open the door, which swung back slowly and with a grating sound. Everything in the room was heavy and massive-looking, but a blazing fire in the old fireplace dispelled all chill from the atmosphere. The tapestries, dim with old age, caught up the glare of light, brightened and offered a cheerful welcome. The old lady, after scraping and bowing and murmuring something about 'welcome' and 'at home,' hobbled out again.

"I threw myself into a chair and tried to collect my thoughts, for I felt mystified by the peculiar surroundings and the behavior of the people. I walked to the window, drew back the heavy curtain and peered out. As I had anticipated, my room was situated in a remote part of the building. Little now could be seen, for the night was extremely foggy. I returned to my seat and busied myself with speculations as to the place and the people.

"My first day was filled with a series of mysterious and unaccountable actions. Every look or movement on my part was the signal for attracting eager attention from my host's family. The acts of respect and kindness towards me I could not understand. I was followed in every direction and seemed never to be alone.

"In rambling about from place to place, I happened to turn into a little garden which sloped down from the southern wall of the castle. It was a pretty old garden, and, like the building, showed signs of better days. The beds were overgrown with weeds and grass, which were struggling to choke

out the untrimmed hedges, and push their way into the paths. At the further end, under a clump of shade trees, was placed an old stone bench. To my surprise I saw seated on it a cadaverous young man, seemingly lost in a book. Suddenly becoming conscious of my approach, he started from his seat and swept by, not giving me an opportunity to speak with him. This surprised and disconcerted me.

"Nor was my suspicion lessened by another event which happened. Every evening, during the hours of sunset, I was accustomed to sit on the broad window-sill, and watch the last rays of the sun sinking behind the hills. It was a glorious view, and long after the last gleam of the red sky would fade away to darkness I lingered to watch the long shadows creep up the mountain side. One evening, when seated there, I heard footsteps below, and the softest strains of music came floating up to me. For a moment I listened, then, looking down, asked, "Who is there?" Suddenly it ceased, and all was quiet again. This serenading was repeated, and seemed to be performed for the sole purpose of attracting my attention. Who my serenader was, and what his motive, I could not imagine.

"Every day I became more aware of something uncommon attached to my presence. At first I counted it the peculiarity of the people, but soon these conjectures grew into something far worse; I became suspicious of foul play from several occurrences, and determined to leave the place. I informed the old lady of my intentions. She laughed and courtesied as usual, but seemed to disregard my words.

"Will you have my things prepared for leaving in the diligence," I asked.

"It is impossible," she replied; "you cannot go."

"Cannot," I repeated with astonishment; "Why not?"

"We have orders to keep you here," she answered.

"Without further words I turned away, caring little for the vixen's orders, and determined that the morning diligence would have me as a passenger if I had to fight my

way to it. As I passed through the halls, conscious of being followed by some one, I hurried on my way, entered my room and closed the door. I heard a step on the outside, the grating snap of a lock, and I was a prisoner. Although angry, confused and frightened, my alarm was not very great, knowing that there was an open window from which, in extreme peril, I could escape.

"That night I could not sleep, so I arose and sat by the fire. The music began again. I approached the window, and through the darkness discerned a person below, who, perceiving me, softly called, 'Come down!' It was not a difficult thing to climb out at the window; and, clinging to the trellis, let myself carefully down from slat to slat into a bed of honeysuckle. Though not long in performing this act, many thoughts crowded into my mind. Who my deliverer was I could not see; but I felt that it was some one who was aware of my dangerous situation. The darkness of the night was made more sombre by the dense clouds of mist which had enveloped every object.

"The moment I touched the ground I rushed towards the tall, closely-wrapped figure that awaited me, and, in my agitation threw myself into his outstretched arms. Without a word we hurried over the gravel-walk in the garden down to a small by-path, which led to a little gate half concealed by overhanging vines. Before opening the gate we stopped, and my rescuer threw back the scarf that concealed his face. It was the sallow young student. He began to act very strangely, threw himself at my feet, kissed my hands, and made spasmodic attempts to embrace me in his arms. I began to fear lest I had fallen into the hands of a madman. I attempted to tear myself away, but he grasped me the tighter. At last, struggling violently, I threw him from me, and rushed toward the gate. It opened easily, and let me out into the road. To my surprise two horses stood fastened close by. I waited for no ceremonies, but quickly mounted one and galloped down the road away from the

castle. It was not a ride for life, for I was not pursued; and, slackening up my speed, I rode on to a small hamlet, which I reached in the early morning. Remaining there I sent back for my baggage, which promptly came, accompanied by my host. He also brought an explanation of the strange actions of his household. I had been mistaken for a young lady in disguise. It seems that my host was keeping the place for a nobleman, whose daughter was giving much anxiety to her father, because of a love affair with a young student. Fearing elopement, the father had arranged to send her in disguise, so as to mislead the student lover, to the castle where I had been staying. Why the daughter did not come at the appointed time I do not know; but I unfortunately did arrive there, and was entertained as the nobleman's daughter. Whether my pseudo-rescuer was the lover will always remain a mystery."

The Professor's story had been a long one, the night air was chilly, and the camp-fire had burned itself out; so we drew our wraps about us, and wended our way to our several tents.

Voices.

AN ESSAY in a recent LIT., touching indirectly on the reason of the dearth of literary production in the South, struck the key-note when it cited the cause to be "the delusive curse of slavery." William Gilmore Simms implied the same thing when he said, "No, sir; there never will be a literature worth the name in the Southern States so long as their aristocracy remains based on so many head of negroes and so many bales of cotton." Simms himself was a true representative Southern novelist of the old school, and his life was a long, unsuccessful struggle against that aris-

tocracy and those barriers which slavery had reared. In his day slavery was the one all-absorbing theme of Southern life, and the poet and novelist of the South were compelled to praise or disparage it as such. Thus art was clamped and fettered like the slave. A decade or more has passed, and the emancipation of slaves is followed by the emancipation of art. This sequence is proved by no less striking examples than the names of Cable, Harris, the Laniers, Harrison, Mrs. Preston, and others of less note.

An important phase to be noted in the development of this new literature in the South is that it does not seek a departure from Southern themes and scenes, for here is the pith of its charms and success, but it does exemplify the liberation of Southern genius. There remains an almost inexhaustible store of material, ranging far beyond the limits of an "Uncle Remus," or those quaint and beautiful pictures of Creole life as penned by the hand of Cable, which is yet to be explored.

A very noticeable feature in these late works is the total abstinence from sectionalism. True, there is a marked provincialism, but this imparts a peculiar essence and flavor to the works, and plays an important part in the portrayal of scenes and characteristics of the people. The proverbial saying that poetry marks the birth of a new literature, is substantiated again in regard to this Southern literature. The poets were the first to shake off the old fetters of local prejudices and political limitations. Ticknor and Sidney Lanier might be called the pioneers. Nor is it strange that poetry should be the initiatory production. Southern life is itself a poem. The climate, the scenery, the people are all picturesque.

It would be strange, and yet not impossible, if the literary compass should sometime seek the Southern pole, where at present it is finding a strong magnetic attraction. A Southerner now delights Boston, and that augurs a great deal for the future.

HAVE you ever considered how great must be the effect on literature of a writer's surroundings? Of course certain authors will occur to us at once as examples of those in whom the scenic element is the chief characteristic. Thus we open one of Sir Walter's romances, and in a moment we are in the midst of a snow storm rushing down from the crags and sweeping across the waste moorlands; or we see the stretches of purple heather, and the gleam of a mountain loch. One golden afternoon of last summer I sat in the bow of a Hudson river boat, and glided swiftly northward. The broad expanse of the Tappan Zee spread out before us. On one bank beautiful villages basked on the gentle hills; while away over on the opposite side was the stern, high front of the Palisades. White-winged boats dotted the river, whose ripples gleamed in the sunshine or slept in the shadows of the cliffs. Away beyond us stream and hill were slumbering in a dreamy haze, which ever retreated as we advanced, revealing high, bold headland where had seemed to be only a low line of rocks, and deep ravines and bays where the cliff had seemed unbroken. The scene was most beautiful. But when, at last, above Sing Sing, the boat turned sharply at right angles and floated into the very heart of the hills, the beauty of it all compelled me to silent wonder and admiration. On both sides the mountains rose up into the sky and narrowed the stream, until it seemed as though a large ship anchored across it there would touch the cliffs on either bank. So we glided on as in a dream, beneath the shadows of Storm King and Old Cro's Nest, until we tied up for the night, just as the purple mists of evening were falling on the far-off ranges of the Katskills. Which were more lovely, dreams that night, the visions of sleep, or the reality of watching the moonlit river as it slipped away into the gorges of the hills, listening the while to the music of some passing boat, growing fainter and more faint as it dropped down the dusky stream? This was the country of Irving, and for the first time I realized

how he had caught those charms which endear his pages to us; how it is that in them we see the mountains and hear the flowing stream, and feel the spell of the sleepy summer afternoon. A writer cannot live all his life in such scenery and not make it felt in his pages. The limits of a Voice will not permit any further inquiry, but it would be an interesting task to trace this influence on other of our authors and poets.

A HARVARD MAN, who came down here a little while ago to examine our English department, surprised me much by saying that we here had a great deal more of active literary spirit than they at Harvard. And he further said, that he considered this due to our having a periodical of such a class as enabled and encouraged men to give voice to thoughts with which their reading filled them. This is as high a compliment as I have ever heard paid the College, and I believe the reason for giving it is the true one.

A college literary magazine has a double function. First, as was said, to enable men to express what they think; to inspire among them a wish for thoughts to express; to make them read, that they may get those thoughts; to keep them from forgetting the old Latin saying, "*Legere et non scribere est dormire.*" The criticism often made, that these thoughts are untrue, unsound, "Sophomoric"—to quote a stock phrase—has nothing to do with the question. Anything which makes a man think at all, does good, if it does that alone; and the more a man thinks, the better he is likely to think. Give us time, gentlemen; give us time; and then, ten years hence, pitch into us all you like, if what we write then does not meet your approval. Nevertheless, not admitting the above-mentioned criticism as a law, I wish to insist on the second part of the duty of such a magazine. Many of these thoughts come from strong minds, no matter how young;

many of them are true, fine and sound. Such cannot but have their good effect on the little college-world, where their sphere lies. They cannot but "increase the current of true and fresh ideas" among the men to whom they are addressed. The magazine must endeavor to inspire these men with a taste for literature by setting its various sides and aspects before them in an entertaining way; it must contain, too, its share of sketches, which, though lighter and more amusing, have yet their literary merit, and thus act as spices, leading men on to masticate the solider food which the other pages contain. A college literary paper, then, has for its aims to create and encourage an *active* literary spirit among the small class where such creation is possible, and to infuse and promote among the majority, with whom it is not possible, a literary spirit, which, though *passive*, has yet its good results.

THE article on William M. Baker, which appeared in a recent LIT., complete as it is, scarcely touches on one feature of his novels, which must be of great interest to us—his treatment of college life. Such important characters as Trent and Thirlmore, Guernsey and Ross, studied at "Old Orange," as he calls Old Nassau, and experienced trials and pleasures which we surely can appreciate.

The portrayal of college life has of late years been frequently introduced into American fiction. Novelists have almost exhausted all other departments of life, and have strained the stock sources of plot and incident. In addition to novelty, students' life apparently possesses a mystic charm for the uninitiated. From a distance they view its fun and pleasures without observing the evils that furnish the subjects of our chronic complaints. Attempts to profit by these advantages, whether made by graduates or not, have, in general, resulted in miserable failures. Some regard the

student as composed of coarse slang, rude familiarities and childish ideas of amusement. Others paint him as a man prematurely old, devoted only to study. Mr. Baker falls into neither error. He recognizes both poller and loafer, and perceives the faults and merits of each alike. There is a slight tendency towards the ideal, as he looks back over his own course; but varnish only brings the colors out clearer on the canvass. The "rackets" he describes had, as a rule, actually occurred during his college career, and are, therefore, true to life. He is, perhaps, the first novelist who has done the American college student full and strict justice, and, as such, deserves the thanks of a much-flattered, maligned and misunderstood class of humanity.

It is not, however, on his novels alone that Mr. Baker's fame must rest. His descriptive and dramatic powers achieved for him success as a biographer. One of his earliest works was a sketch of "The Life and Labors of the Rev. Daniel Baker," his father. "Inside; a Chronicle of Secession," was largely an account of his own life and adventures during the War of the Rebellion. It must be remembered, in estimating the vigor of his intellect, that the greater part of these works of history and fiction were produced while his clerical duties made extensive demands on his time; the rest were written during the few years of sickness and pain immediately preceding his death. It is seldom that a man can succeed in the pursuit of two professions at the same time, but the greater will be the fame attending success, and the prouder should the *alma mater* be that fostered so fertile a genius.

A STORY-WRITER in a college literary periodical has rather a hard time of it. There is apt to be an impression that his work must of necessity be inferior to essay work, no matter of what kind the latter may be. Men put the story

on a lower plane than the essay on general principles, without inquiring into the relative merits of either. A poor essay is better than a good story, because they don't understand and they don't read the first, and they do read and enjoy the last. In all humility, therefore, they think that what they understand and enjoy must be inferior to what they don't. "It is on our level, it looks easy to construct, it can't be quite as good as what looks hard and is above our heads." Such is the process of reasoning the majority go through. Now, this is the impression I wish to correct: A story *is* hard to write; it requires, to make it effective, more delicate touch, more care in the use of words, more style, even if less thought, than an essay. The writer has to choose some incident striking, yet of such a character that around it he can weave his plot into an artistic whole in a very limited space. He must use only striking situations, he cannot rely on detail for effect. Besides that, the best class of stories should deal with some human emotion or passion, not with mere action and description. This descriptive element which forms the main charm of so many stories, is also the great danger with which story-writers must contend. They are inclined to go to excess in this respect. Description, certainly, is a lower form of writing. It cultivates the imagination unduly at the expense of thought. It dulls the writer's reasoning powers and makes him disinclined to use them. It is easier to describe a beautiful scene in nature than it is to analyze and depict a character or motive. Yet this last is what our story-tellers must do if they wish to remove from the story the just reproach that it is deficient in thought. Thought is the main thing. That a story, no matter how good, contains less thought and is therefore inferior to a fine essay, I do not deny. I have merely attempted to show that story-writing has its merits and difficulties as well as any other variety, and that a story *can* be made not merely a fine *story*, but a fine *thing*.

FOR a long time we have heard much said about the unsatisfactory nature of our Sunday services in chapel. It is impossible that we should have any change so long as our professors are compelled to preach. After their long week of hard study, no matter how fine the sermon, they cannot be expected to inspire their hearers with that interest which makes even a poor preacher seem eloquent. Considering this, and also the recent disturbance between faculty and students, would it not be a good plan for the College to have a regularly appointed pastor, who would preach in the chapel on Sundays, have charge of the Philadelphian meetings, and be a general advisor for the students,—one to whom those who are in trouble, either in regard to themselves or their friends, could go for advice, without that fear of misunderstanding which, although groundless, nevertheless exists. Surely many more men could be reached in this way than is possible at present, for neither students or faculty have time, nor would it be policy for them to take the time, to visit the men in their rooms. Undoubtedly, if the students felt that one occupying this position met them as a friend, and had no connection with or vote in the faculty, they would only be too glad to receive him at all times, and his influence would thus reach where now religious conversation is impossible. Not a small element would be the saving the professors extra work and so giving them a chance to enjoy the rest they so much need on Sunday. Does it not seem feasible, while we are endowing the different chairs of philosophy, ethics, etc., that enough money should be raised to pay a man sufficient salary to warrant our offering him a position promising such good results?

EVERY college man is more or less interested in the Dorsheimer Copyright Bill, for it is from the class of college men that the majority of writers and readers of books spring. Therefore it will not be irrelevant for a Voice to state some of the arguments pro and con.

The object of the bill, as it stood when first presented, was to grant "authors exactly the same rights everywhere that they now have at home, free from any limitations or restrictions as to the place of manufacture, whether proposed in the interest of publishers, paper manufacturers, or pirates." The aim of such a bill is both to abolish the deliberate, free-handed piracy which is now committed against foreign authors, and to encourage home production by material aid. There are, therefore, in favor of the bill many strong arguments which resolve themselves into these two forms; first, that justice to ourselves and to our neighbors demands some provision. Our publishers, ignoring the rights or claims of authors, actually steal the works and reap the harvests of another's labors. Secondly, our literature languishes for want of it. The small number, and the average poor quality of American books, are due to the strong British competition carried on against us. This discourages our own home talent, and the result is non-production of native works.

On the other hand, the opponents of this bill have taken grounds which appear equally strong. These also argue from two stand-points, claiming, in the first place, that the production of good books is proportional to the pecuniary reward. According to their view a copyright law will not aid the first-class books which the people now demand, but would foster a class which this provision should not seek to encourage, and, as a comfortable living is now gained, the market is sufficient for the needs. Secondly, that the present competition is healthy. A writer in the *Nation*, by adroit shifting, attempts to show that France, Germany and Great Britain are proofs that the reward depends on "local habits." By adopting this bill we must necessarily cramp the book-supply of our volunteer authors, such as lawyers, doctors, &c., who must have foreign works. The literary man is not a professional man, for the professional man must expend capital, but the literary man, in a certain sense, grows.

Any unprejudiced observer will notice that there are flaws in the phraseology of this bill; and the attempt to reconcile all parties is now perilous to its passage, for it is allowing the idea to be circulated abroad that copyright means dependence on the favor of a publisher, an idea that would arouse the ghost of Carlyle, who so dreaded the book-publisher. Thus it might defeat its original aim, which was the protection of the author. Two fatal objections will be noticed. It has been tried once and failed, and the moment any attempt is made to gain favor for the bill by concessions it will be open to a tirade of objections and intrigues. Then, again, if its supporters try to harmonize "protectionists," they will fall into the same difficulty. The right to own a book has nothing to do with protection or free trade.

Editorials.

THE successful competitors for first and second contributors' prizes will be announced in the next issue. The following gentlemen have kindly served as judges in the contests throughout the year: Profs. Murray, Packard, Winans, Ormond, West, and Johnston; Dr. John Miller; Messrs. Moore, Harlan, Van Dyke, and Carman.

From the class of '85, we nominate the following editors for next year: S. Depue, C. F. McClumpha, C. W. McIlvaine, T. Pershing, J. Sturges, and F. S. Woodruff; first alternate, J. H. Cleveland; second alternate, A. B. Gaither.

COOLER and older men would have paid no attention, whatever, to the anonymous circular which we received a month ago, or they would have passed it by with the con-

tempt which such things generally receive. But, for some reason, the majority of the students gave credence to its charges and were with difficulty prevented from ratifying it, out-and-out. When man after man testified to the truth of many of its statements, it was deemed no less than just that an investigation should be asked, and to this measure not even the most moderate among us made any objection. At this point three serious blunders were made: The charges were formulated and passed upon without adequate proof of their truth; they were immediately published, and the petition was made directly to the trustees, before first going into the lower court. The mass of the students were surprised when the first committee refused to lay the resolutions before the trustees for lack of sufficient evidence, and still more surprised when the second committee reported that the bottom had fallen out of the whole affair. Yet this was precisely what had happened, and at last the College had to face the fact that these solemn and serious charges were utterly unfounded. To make an apology was the only decent and straightforward course. We had constituted ourselves a high court of inquiry, or at least a grand-jury of indictment, and when our attempt proved futile, it was only square to acknowledge that our position all along had been false and more or less presumptuous. The next time the College undertakes to trifle with men's reputations, it will first make sure of its jurisdiction and then of the truth of its charges.

We fear that it will stand as a blot on '84's record that such a sorry affair occurred during her administration, for the Senior class does and should have a leading control of undergraduate interests. But it is only fair to the class to say that her influence was almost wholly thrown in favor of moderate counsels. Without her the most radical measures would have been rushed through in a twinkling, and to her belongs much of the credit of settling the matter in the open and honest way in which it was finally disposed of.

There are persons sanguine enough to see a bright side even to this most lamentable affair. They say, and truly enough, that the relations between faculty and students will hereafter be more sensible. We sincerely hope so. Recent occurrences will make students less suspicious and discontented in future, and will show members of the faculty that they must avoid even the appearance of evil. It is probable, also, that greater freedom of speech will hereafter be allowed. But, after making all possible concessions, the fact remains that the deepest and most lasting effect of this miserable *fiasco* is damaging to the College, which, after all, and in spite of our apparent disloyalty, is dear to every student's heart. When all is said, the fact remains that we are in disgrace with the public; "'tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true,"—but that is how matters stand, and we have to accept the situation. All we can do now is to put on a brave face and renew our devotion to Princeton. Let us see to it that the College is set right once more in the eyes of its friends; let us *live down* the ill name which, deservedly or not, has been saddled upon us. And in view of these facts, and also because of the prevalent tendency to fault-finding, we deem that there is no more fitting word for us to leave behind us, no motto that more fully represents the whole attitude of this year's LIT., as we have tried to make it, than the noble watchword of the medieval church, *sursum corda*, "lift up your hearts!"

WITH one more stroke of the pen and a few revolutions of the press, Volume XXXIX of the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE will be complete. There is a cheerful suggestiveness in the phrase "Number Nine," which has been made to do valiant service in many a season of hurry and despair during the past year; not that the work has been, on the whole, irksome, or that the only object in performing it has

been to reach the conclusion as soon as possible. Far be it from us to undervalue the value or understate the pleasure which must of necessity accrue from the conscientious editing of a periodical which has such steady support and encouragement as the *LIT.* The magazine has been well backed up and patronized by the College, probably better than ever before in its history. Its faults have been kindly alluded to by its readers, its good points sincerely praised, and even its peculiar preaching—and the *LIT.* has always been famous for its sermonizing—has been borne without flinching,—perhaps too stolidly. Its preaching is unique: no partisanship, no haste, and sometimes no very great interest, are shown. The *LIT.* is the balance-wheel in college politics. But indifference and loftiness, however alluring they may be to editors, do not always produce the best effects. It has been our aim in the conduct of this periodical to enter heartily into college subjects, and yet to discuss them fairly. But, above all things, we have endeavored to repress unnecessary grumbling. The idea used to prevail that the Voice department was a mere repository for suggestions to the curator of grounds and buildings and for complaints against the college world in general. We have tried to put a stop to all this and to look at things in a mere cheerful aspect, substituting a little sunshine for the ghastly lime-light of discontented criticism. Our contributors have been encouraged to write short essays and sketches on subjects connected with Princeton; as, for example, lives of her famous alumni, phases of college life and original bits of college history. Of course, the staple, in future as in the past, must be literary criticism. This we have not discouraged, but have tried to make it more interesting than it used to be. Our ideal of a good number is, that it should contain at least one solid essay, one story, one article dealing with college affairs, and one poem; the rest being made up as fortune favors us. The new arrangement of departments has been quite satisfactory, and we only hope it will be kept up and given a fair trial.

BUT we forget;—this act is over; and before the curtain rises on the next, the audience calls us to the footlights, to speak in *propria persona*. It is hard to realize that the pages of '84's LIT. are full at last, that at last "The End" has come. And, indeed, in one sense, the end has not come, after all. Herein lies the secret of that ever-impending feeling of responsibility which rendered our acceptance of places on the Board such an almost solemn act, which has compelled us to our utmost to keep up the character of the magazine, and which now makes us solicitous in the choice of successors. The LIT. is an organism; it has a past and a future. There is more in that fact than one would suppose, for the records of deeds done not only add dignity to this office, but add, also, a heavy sense of duty. When the LIT. passed from '83's hands, it had won for itself an honored position among the organizations of the College, and an unique reputation in the best class of college periodicals. If it has, during our administration, in any sense maintained this position and preserved this reputation, it has been owing largely to our dread of injuring the LIT., rather than to our fear of disgracing ourselves.

Trusting that we will not be accused of vanity, we risk the statement that, in one respect, at least, we have done great good to the magazine: we have chosen an excellent Board for the next volume. Never has a Junior class been so steadily and fully represented in the table of contents; and consequently, when competition has been so keen, the selection must needs be a good one. The chosen six have certainly had a searching examination after a most thorough course of training. We bespeak for them a large patronage, and leave the magazine in their hands with perfect confidence, and the "good-will" of the establishment. After this word of commendation, they surely ought to listen patiently to our final "preach;" we bequeath to them the following advice as our last will and testament: Keep down uncalled-for grumbling; keep up a high tone always,—no

truckling to popular demands, no sycophantism in another direction; above all preserve the literary nature of the magazine. Make it the exponent of the *work* done in Princeton—and there is work done in some colleges, although, judging from their papers, one would not always think so. Encourage originality and foster the literary spirit. In your editorial columns be brave to expose and stamp out iniquity. Finally, “this above all: to thine own self be true.” It is often more profitable to stick to old customs, even though they show their age by some few weaknesses, than to take up with the new for no better reason than that it is new. Preserve the good old traditions of the *LIT.*, and so may the shades of all its guardians, from 1842 to 1884, attend you and inspire your pens.

LAST Saturday night, just after supper, a fire was discovered in the coal-bin or passage-way between the west and west-middle entries of Witherspoon. If the fire had gained a little headway under the boards of the second and third floors, it could not have been gotten at within half-an-hour, and by that time the coal elevator-shaft would have become a flue, and the flames would have been in the garret. The only available weapons of defense, as in this case, might be a few pitchers of water and a miserable little hatchet. After this warning, it will be criminal negligence if the trustees fail to supply means of extinguishing fires in all the dormitories. Witherspoon is safe as a mill-pond, compared with Reunion and Edwards. There should be an axe and a Babcock's extinguisher in the tutor's room or in the room of some student, and their position should be known to all rooming in the neighborhood; or, better still, a water pipe, with spigot and hose, should be put into every entry.

Literary Gossip.

*"Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame!
Las! le temps non: mais nous nous en allons!"*

DURING the second week in March, the Gossip, out for a walk, heard, through the soft damp evening air, the old familiar piping of the first robin of the season. This gladsome sound not only raised a cheerful hope that, after all, summer may come this year as usual, but it also inspired a sadder thought—that a twelve-month was nearly over, and with it the little chatty confidences between the Gossip and his beloved circle of auditors. To be sure, we all feel just as confidential as ever; we can gossip almost as comfortably under the pear-tree's ample shade as beside the winter's hearth, snow-bound but spirit free. Yes! gossiping is just as easy under April's lilac-blossoms as beneath the holly-boughs of Christmas—

"Las! le temps non: mais nous nous en allons!"

That little French motto has served us a good turn, so it is only fair to tell where we found it. "Old World Idylls," is the title of a little volume of selections chosen from Mr. Austin Dobson's two previous books, "Vignettes in Rhyme" and "Proverbs in Porcelain." It contains many poems after the manner of Horace, and many curious allusions to that idyll-writer of an older world; and, indeed, it would seem that the author has caught the Horatian spirit more unmistakably than any of his contemporaries, only he has substituted Mayfair for the Via Sacra, and celebrates, not the "golden-haired Pyrrha," but, as he says,

*"O, English girl, divine, demure,
To you I sing"*

Society verse, certainly, but not, therefore, to be tossed aside as worthless. Their cultured elegance and polished ease are but the shell; the kernel is true-hearted, manly and essentially poetic. To be sure, there is nothing heroic in these miniatures; they have not "the large utterance of the early gods;" but there are seasons when the heart craves something light and cool and delicate; times when it longs for just such pure, refreshing amusement as "The Ballad of Beau Brocade," "A Dialogue from Plato," "To Q. H. F.," and a score or more of these poems afford. Through the long night, one may toil as he will, drinking deep of Milton, or some other mighty spirit, to pluck his courage up and keep him on the heroic level; but in the fresh spring mornings, or the languid afternoons of June, even the worker's nature yearns for the light Falernian of some gayer muse:—

*"In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,
There is place, and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme."*

It has pathos, too, of a gentle kind, but thoroughly honest. "Good-Night, Babette," "The Sundial," "The Child-Musician," and "The Cradle," touch a note of genuine pathos, in regard to which it is not too daring to venture the assertion that the suave Horace never equaled it. Before laying aside this tasteful volume, let us note in what its neatness and beauty consist. The cover is dark olive-green, with beveled edges; the paper is thick and rough, and the printing is simply superb. All lovers of dainty and beautiful books should own this one.

Speaking of well-made books, Macmillan's one-volume, 1884 edition of Tennyson, is worth looking at. It lies open, of its own accord; the paper is opaque and *unglazed*, and the type is remarkably distinct. It contains all the latest poems of the Laureate, except the unsuccessful "Cup and Falcon," and one or two others. Thanks to somebody's good taste, the "too-too solid" "Charge of the Heavy Brigade," is also omitted. Since the poet would insist on parodying his own poems, he might have had a little charity for other jokers and given sanction to "The Charge of the Middle-Weights." Perhaps it was his impartiality which moved him to omit his own joke, lest, if he printed it, he would have to print the "Middle-Weights" too, and thus over-burden the volume. We understand that the collection was edited by Tennyson himself, and that in this volume the Idylls of the King are, for the first time, arranged in their true order.

Apropos of these new editions, is the sentence with which a reviewer in the March *Atlantic* begins his notice of "The American Edition of Keats:" "Next to being introduced to a poet's works by the living voice of a friend who loves him, stands the good fortune of making his acquaintance through a notable edition." Your Gossip has not seen this new edition of Keats, but has read with interest the excellent review spoken of above, and also the leader on Keats in a recent *Critic*, and Mr. Stedman's sketch of the poet and notice of the book in the February *Century*. All his critics seem to agree that the quality which, more than any other, distinguishes Keats, is the full, luscious tone of his verse. It abounds in liquids and open vowels, and the result is a note that is often called sonorous, and which resembles the music of wood instruments. It is now more than sixty years since Keats laid his singing robes aside. It seems much longer. We are accustomed to think of Keats and Byron and Shelley as divinities of an older dynasty; how startling, then, the thought that less than five years ago their bosom-friends and comrades, Trelawney and Severn, were still living!

Speaking still of new editions, a striking feature of recent publishing-lists has been the number of series issued by the several large houses. Our attention has been called to the Putnam's "New Plutarch Series: Lives of those who have made the History of the World." At the head of the list is a life of Abraham Lincoln, by our honored alumnus, Chas. G. Leland; and now the latest volume, "Frederick the Great," by Col.

C. B. Brackenbury, lies on our table. It is a neat and business-like book. Opening with a short chronicle of the Hohenzollern family, it conducts the reader through that period, from 1740 to the French Revolution, which was so fruitful in causes whose effects have not yet ceased to be felt in European politics. The plan of giving the exact date at the head of each page renders the book very convenient for reference. We have also received from G. P. Putnam's Sons, "The Elements of Political Economy," by De Laveleye. It is a very interesting book for Seniors; takes middle views between the theories held on the continent and in the U. S. It contains an excellent supplementary chapter, by Prof. Taussig, of Harvard, treating of American questions in particular.

The Gossip intended to speak, in this number, of the work done in literature by members of our own College this year; but their books have been, for the most part, so solid, being largely scientific, philosophical and technical, that he can only allude to them in closing. Among them would, of course, be included Dr. McCosh's Philosophical Series, of which the latest issue, "Locke's Theory of Knowledge," is just out; Dr. Guyot's "Creation," Prof. Cornwall's "Chemistry," Prof. Macloskie's "Botany," Prof. Huss' "German Grammar," and Prof. Hunt's "Cadmmon" and "Principles of Written Discourse." The last named gentleman has identified himself with the movement in favor of a revival of English study in this country. We notice his name in the list of projectors and promoters of the new magazine of popular philology, soon to be published in New York. It is to be entitled *Language*, and will print articles on such subjects as verbal criticism of literature, the history of languages, spelling-reform, bibliography, and the theory and practice of teaching languages.

But robin's piping is heard once more, and reminds us that the old nest must be vacated and room made for next year's brood. Nine times have we gossiped together, and now the ninth itself is gone.

"When *Finis* comes, the Book we close,
And somewhat sadly, Fancy goes,
With backward step, from stage to stage
Of that accomplished pilgrimage—
The thorn lies thicker than the rose!

"There is so much that no one knows,—
So much unreach'd that none suppose;
What flaws! what faults!—on every page,
When *Finis* comes.

"Still, they must pass! The swift Tide flows.
Though not for all the laurel grows,
Perchance, in this beslandered age,
The worker, mainly, wins his wage;—
And Time will sweep both friends and foes
When *Finis* comes!"

Editors' Table.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene III.*

IN THE college world the events of the past month have been of a truly exciting character, and the editor's heart hath rejoiced accordingly; for he has been supplied with a superabundant fund for "copy." The "New Athletic Regulations" has been the theme for many an editorial, and has furnished much food for reflection. The point we have noticed especially is the unanimity with which they have been condemned. Though peculiarly the property of Harvard, or rather of the Sargeant-Harvard faculty—yet they have not received the loyal support of even the Harvard papers. Now that they have fallen through, under the combined onslaught of the college press, backed as it is by college sentiment, lest they should be forgotten, and Dr. Sargeant robbed of his fair meed of renown and glory, we would suggest that they be etched on *brass* and labeled, "To one who knows too much about professionalism in college athletics; 'The good die young;' 'The above-mentioned party still lives. This is sufficient.'"

The Cornell Sophomores and Freshmen have had a slight falling out in regard to a supper ordered by the latter, but, by some "fortuitous concurrence of circumstances," obtained possession of and eaten by the former. The final end of the viands was rather different from the intentional end, the slight difference being decidedly in favor of the Sophs.

At Hamilton the faculty and the Seniors were unable to agree as to the amount of holiday proper to be taken at the death of an ex-officer of the college. The faculty, it seems, were disposed to suspend the exercises for a day, but when the class made known its desires to "lay off" from recitations so long as the deceased lay in state, that august assemblage kicked. The result of this slight difference is that after a "lay off" of several weeks, the Seniors have concluded to bow to the superior wisdom and staying powers of the governing body, and will allow the college to be run by the faculty and trustees in the future, as it has been in the past.

Last, but not by any means least, we, too, have had our little "fireworks." Princeton never proposes to get left. If it is the fashion to have rows, to spit and say d—, we are going to do such things too, and don't you fail to remember it. After careful deliberation it has been decided that our faculty need not go—at least for the present. The members are all still with us, and, what is by far more surprising, we are all still here with them. Several of our exchanges have expressed great sympathy and applied many loving (?) epithets to the Princeton students, generally, during the "late unpleasantness." For this, all thanks,

We bear you no ill-will, dear friends, for calling us infants, idiots and fools; in fact, we rather enjoy that sort of thing—it shows we are appreciated. But evidently you fail to understand the true inwardness of this affair; for, if you did understand it, we are sure you would spare us all further discussions of such themes as "The Faculty Terrors, or, the Outcasts of Jersey Flats." We will explain the origin of the trouble to you if you won't give our scheme away. For several years past it has been urged by many desirous for our welfare, that the College should be advertised in prominent journals, thus holding up to the gaze of an enlightened people the advantages of our gorgeous "country seat." But advertising is expensive. There was no money to be expended thus; for has not our Treasurer very recently been compelled to raise the tuition fees, in order to pay expenses? What was to be done? An enterprising youth promises to get the advertising done for nothing if all will help him. Immediately a combination is formed, an anonymous circular is published, mass-meetings are held, the papers fall into the trap, and what is the result? Column upon column of free ads. The little affair has been heralded on all sides, and the fame of Princeton has been spread throughout the land, from the orient even into the occident. The good influence is already perceptible, and we are now enlarging our facilities so as to accommodate increased numbers of students. Patent applied for.

The first number of the *Yale Courant*, under the control of '85's board, has just appeared. While it cannot be said to equal the productions of the retiring editors, it is not by any means a bad number. As practice makes perfect, the paper will evidently improve as the year rolls on. The *Courant* is congratulating itself and the undergraduates upon the new system of instruction which has been introduced in the Senior Class. All instruction is by means of lectures and examinations upon the same, held every three weeks. If the experiment proves a success, this method will be pursued in the Junior and Sophomore Classes next year.

Princeton is not the only locality upon which the weather clerk vents his displeasure, as the following clipping will attest:

"No sun, no moon; no morn, no noon';

No knowledge of the weather.

First snow, then rain; then snow again,

Then both combined together.

"The stars at night, all plain in sight,

Foretell a pleasant morrow;

But in the morn, with hearts forlorn,

You view the skies in sorrow.

"Then follows hail—a sleety gale—

Which soon the rain displaces;

But freezing soon—this lasts till noon—

Leaves on the town its traces.

"It melts again, combined with rain,

You're hot and cold together;

You cough, you freeze; you roast, you sneeze,

And curse New Haven weather."

The following toothsome morsel we clip from the exchange column of the *University Magazine*. It is, probably, a fair sample of repartee as it is practiced at the University of Penna.:

"The *Journal* (Lafayette) is of the opinion that 'the University of Pennsylvania has no paper worthy of her standing.' We, of course, regret that the *Journal* has such a poor opinion. We advise it, however, to see that its editorials are always as *strong* as those of the *Magazine*, and then it need not occupy so *prominent* a place in the rear of college papers. Let the intercollegiate editor also ponder on these lines of Burns:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

We have a name for such things--Honeyman.

The *Berkeleyan*, in great wrath, charges many college papers in general, and the *Denison Collegian* in particular, with "cribbing" verses from its Olla Pod. department and not giving proper credit therefor. This charge, we are inclined to believe, was made in a jesting or satirical manner. We don't think the Olla Pod. of the *Berkeleyan* is a very fruitful source of good, sparkling verses. The following clippings are fair specimens of Mrs. Olla's effusions:

"Said a student bold as he heard my wit,
As he writhed with mirth and fell in a fit:
"Gee, Olla, Gee!"
Then the bell rang loud and he hied away
But paused a moment just to say:
"Geology!"

"THE CO-ED. SUBSCRIPTION MAN.

"Oh, I strike the co-eds fair, every day,
And they'd like to pull my hair; so they say.
Oh, I strike them for a dollah,
If a couple I can't collah,
And then so free from guile
On my new dude suit I'll smile,
Elegant style, elegant style."

Such verses would be the occasion of the author's sure and swift demise, here in the East.

It is now time for us to lay down our quill and bid good-bye to the sanctum and our friends. We have played editor for a year and have found the pastime both pleasant and profitable, and it is not without some feelings of regret that we resign our cherished toy to the hands of a younger and perhaps more capable board. For ourselves, we have only to say we have done our best to please. Of our success or failure we leave our readers to judge. To our exchanges--

"For ever, and forever, farewell;
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then, this parting was well made."

Calendar.

FEB. 23D.—Second Glee Club Concert in Baltimore. Proceeds for the benefit of the flood sufferers.

FEB. 25TH.—Library meeting. Paper read by Mr. Armstrong, '81, on the Ethics of Evolution.....First cotillion of the Assembly.

MARCH 4TH.—Annual Dinner of the New York Alumni Association. The Glee Club was present as guests of the Association.....Anonymous circular puts in an appearance. Mass-meeting in Mercer Hall to take action in the matter. The circular was condemned, and resolutions drawn up expressing the sense of the meeting.

MARCH 7TH.—Second mass-meeting in Mercer Hall, to receive report of committee in regard to resolutions drawn up at former meeting. The resolutions were rescinded.

MARCH 10TH.—Mass-meeting to draw up resolutions, "making reparation where reparation is due."

MARCH 12TH.—Whig Hall, preliminary Lynde Debate. Successful contestants: J. M. Harlan, D. C.; A. G. Reeves, N. J.; C. M. Thomas, Ky.; Alternate, J. M. Lawson, Pa.....Library meeting. Paper read by Dr. Starr, on The Localization of Sight.

MARCH 13TH.—Base-Ball nine begins out-door practice.....The crew rows on the canal for the first time this season.

MARCH 14TH.—Base-Ball Convention at Springfield, Mass. C. S. Clark and A. Moffat represented Princeton.

KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS.

6 for \$9.00.

Importers and Manufacturers of Fine Furnishing Goods,

933 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes.

CIGARETTE Smokers who are willing to pay a little more for Cigarettes than the prices charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes, will find the Richmond Straight Cut No. 1

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

They are made from the Brightest, Most Delicately Flavored and Highest Cost Gold Leaf grown in Virginia, and are absolutely Without Adulteration or Drugs. Base imitations of this brand have been put on sale, and Cigarette smokers are cautioned that this is the Old and Original Brand, and to observe that each package or box of Richmond Straight Cut Cigarettes bear the signature of "Allen & Ginter, Manufacturers, Richmond, Va." Also, manufacturers of well-known brands, "Richmond Gem," "Opera Puffs," "Pet," and "Little Beauties" Cigarettes. Smoking Tobaccos—Richmond Straight No. 1, Richmond Gem Curly Cut, Turkish Mixture, Perique Mixture, Old Rip, &c., &c.

XUM